

## A Winter Afternoon

by Shorty Spooky

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Summary: Scully-fic, just a musing that began as a language assignment.

## A Winter Afternoon

This began as a Language assignment, and it's my first peice, so please don't be too harsh! As always, feedback can be sent to [jedi\\_in\\_newfoundland@hotmail.com](mailto:jedi_in_newfoundland@hotmail.com), flames will be given to my kitty. I'll sic him on you. =^\_ ^=

Disclaimer: Ok, we all know that Mulder and Scully belong to Chris Carter, 10-13, and so on. Don't own 'em, never will.

It's a blustery winter day. I stand up from my computer for a minute, tired of the endless string of characters that dance across the screen. I stretch, and peer out the single, tiny window that belongs to my petit, shared basement office. I take a sip of my now lukewarm coffee, and watch the parades of feet stride by. I saw women, walking with dainty high heels, and wondered again how on earth I am able to run with them on when I need to. Some women seemed to walk gracefully in these "toe-killers" as I call them, while others walk clumsily, often tripping, or twisting their ankle. I saw other men in long trench coats almost touching the ground as they stride by. I idly wondered if a pair of those coat-shrouded feet belonged to my partner. As more and more people began to walk by, I attempted to guess their faces by their shoes. "Now, her, " I thought, "with her no-nonsense loafers probably has a sweet, but sensible face. And, that man there, with the 4 little feet following him must be a father, with a kind, warm-hearted face." Several other people walk by, but they are only a backdrop as I drift into a thoughtless daydream. Suddenly, a drift flies up, and obscures my little view of the world. I wait a minute to see if it's going to clear. It doesn't. I head back to my computer, with the resignation of someone who really has to get this field report done. Any minute now my partner will be back, and then I won't get any work done at all. I have a feeling it's going to be a long afternoon.

End  
file.